

One Chance

by Squid Senpai

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Master Chief/John-117, SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-10-23 14:01:39

Updated: 2013-01-18 22:38:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:34:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 4,174

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Reach has fallen, but not by what history has told us now. A new virus somehow related to the Flood has taken root and burned Reach alive. Now, Master Chief and Noble Six must gather up survivors and prevent the infection from reaching other human worlds. They have thirty days. They have one chance. Will they defeat the unknown enemy? MC x FEM6. Shipping requests accepted!

1. 1: Intro

****A/N:** HEY, I'M BACK! Life has been killing me lately, so I haven't done anything for Fanfiction. *Le sigh* I just got into the Halo Universe and one thought only: EPIC. I'll update other stories soon~**

****IMPORTANT:** If you think you can read this story without an intro, please skip to the next chapter. This intro is a, for the lack of a better word, crappy representation of how the story will go. It just explains the situation in detail.**

During the darkest days of humanity, what almost became the end, a disease shot throughout the universe. Zombies you ask? Not quite for it is more heartbreaking and dangerous than that. The disease never directly affects lifeforms but rather the climate of the planet it is on. It latches onto the soil of the planet and slowly burrows its way into the center of the planet. Once it is there, it overheats the core to the point that it's warmth could be felt for hundreds of miles out of atmosphere. The disease does this until it dies- wiping the planet clean of life forms except for its brethren, which are launched into atmosphere shortly after the planet's climate returns to normal. These spawns will launch themselves into space and infect other planets, just like their parent. This disease has been named by scientists as "Planeta Morbus Ignus" (latin for "Planet Disease of Fire") or just "P M Ignus" for short. It has already infected three human populated planets and wiped out the alien "Covenant" species.

Luckily, there was a way to save the planet's life forms from a fiery death. Using cyro sleep chambers, originally invented in 2532 and still used in this year of 2552. It freezes whatever life form is inside into a state of sleep while slowing down the aging process significantly. Thus the cyro chambers were mass created for all of the human colonies, including the rebel controlled ones, were demanding them. It would be most of the human race's downfall.

Only the newest versions of the cyro chambers were being created and they all had one major glitch. If more than 20 were inside of cyro chambers linked to a single system at once, they would all suffer severe brain damage and lose limbs. They would suffer a long and painful death as they slept. Only a few people per world, barely more than a handful at times, managed to get into the old versions. This made them be the last people on their planet.

Now, after planet Reach's, an outer human colony, climate has returned to normal there lives only 7 humans on this once prospering world. 6 of them, the Noble Team, knew each other only recently, and have a level of trust already established for one another. The 7th one, Master Chief, is considered a 'hero amongst superheroes'. These superheroes were like Superman without laser eyes, the weakness of kryptonite, and the power of flight, had an average running speed of 33 km/h and the shortest of them was about 7'1". These 'heroes' were called Spartans and were our only hope when the war against the covenant still existed.

Will these Spartans be able to eliminate the threat before it reaches the inner colonies and, finally, Earth? Or will the human race fall because they could do nothing? They have 30 days to save the universe. They have one chance.

2. 2: Amethyst

****A/N:** Changed Noble Six's name to Jane! It's completely irrelevant to any plot spoilers, so I'll tell you why: Jane is the female version of John. In this story, Noble Six is the female version of Master Chief. Makes sense? I thought so.**

>I'm considering adding Parisa to this mix at some point... but I'm not sure. I NEEDZ YO ADVICE.****

Spartan B-320 was alone. This was not the first time in her life that this has happened, but she never felt so lonely before. Before there was always someone commanding her or something she could return to- now there was no one for her to speak to. She chuckled to herself as she realized what she just thought. It sounded exactly like something Jun would say, the sniper really did rub off on her.

>Jun... Noble Team.
A small pang grabbed her heart and she picked up her sluggish pace. She did not know where they were now or if they were even alive. Many people were dead. Most died not from the blaze but rather the cryo chamber that was meant to protect them from the fire. Luckily for Spartan B-320, a.k.a Jane, she was placed into one of the older versions of the cryo chamber. The newest versions had a glitch in them- when connected to the same system, if more than 6 chambers are used at a time the system would stop monitoring temperature and vital signs. The details of it were skimpy- the AI, Amethyst, searching for survivors that had found her was low ranked, thus unable to give a good report on the situation.

>Shaking her head, she looked out onto the distance. The sun was rising, meaning she had almost arrived to the location designated by Amethyst. According to the AI, there was someone of great importance there. Jane was to activate the AI over there and get himher to remove the special person from cryo.

>She paused long enough to bask in the weak rays of the sun. From the day she learned she was a last survivor, she stopped taking many things for granted. At the top of the list was sunsets, sunrises, and Cheerios.
Speaking of Cheerios- Jane winced as she felt her stomach growl. Hopefully her location would have plenty of food. The last thing she ate was a special Spartan protein bar, dubbed as glue sticks by the Marines. In particular she hoped for something melon flavored. She loved melons, but her love for them did not compare to Jorge's absolute worship over the green fruit.

>... Her head was moving in circles today. She had to get Noble off of her mind. They were the least of her worries now.
"Status report?" Amethyst whispered over the comm.

>Jane jumped at the voice. "Almost there," she replied as she quickly regained her usual icy calm.
"Good..." Amethyst trailed off before closing the link. There was not much to say between the two. While it is true Amethyst had interesting topics and facts, Jane was not in the mood to have her brain overflowing with facts. They might remind her of things that would send her emotions off with a bang.

Cortana was waiting. That was all she could do- wait. Nobody had thought of placing her into the system before the fall of Reach. But they can be excused for that fact- there was little time before the planet reached dangerous heat levels when they tried to insert her to the outdated system. Of course she made them leave before the task was accomplished. It wasn't worth risking the lives of humans for an AI, yet they always made the same mistake with her.

>She strained her very small ninety degree angle of vision to look at who she was supposed to be paired with for the rest of her service time: Master Chief. She recalled how she reacted when she looked him up and saw his face- handsome in a primitive way. She remembered the fact that Dr. Halsey, her creator, had blushed at those very words, making Cortana truly believe that, if they were the same age, Dr. Halsey would have a nice life with Master Chief. Cortana might not have even existed now. Cortana giggled at the thought: the two had personalities that made them seem as if they were never going to be paired together with anybody, but they weren't hopeless. The mission planned beforehand to pair Spartans with each other and civilians to create more super soldiers was going into play soon, which means that Master Chief, the best of the best, would be with no doubt paired with another person. All Cortana had to do was work some "AI magic" and BAM! Perfect shipping right there...
Cortana blinked in surprise at what she had just processed. She sounded like some crazed fan girl intent on making other people's lives miserable... Which she wasn't, right?

>Her thoughts were interrupted by the proximity alarms blaring. Her mind itched to see what was happening, but she could only sit and wait. If she had fingers, they'd certainly be twitching now.
-

3. 3: Master Chief

A/N: Sorry guys! With Christmas, school, and computer errors, I haven't been able to update. My laptop apparently blocks Fanfiction (son of a-) and, with the new **_uber **_**update installed, I lost

****_**all *_**of my fanfictions that I have written. I WAS GOING TO UPDATE *_**ALL OF THE STORIES *_**THAT NEEDED UPDATING.****

>Now I'm sad... :'(

Noble six's eyes adjusted to the dark quickly. She finally arrived at the cryo bunker. Her mind began to race- who would she find here? Who was the AI? Were they even still alive? She knew better than to doubt an AI such as Amethyst, but she was quite low in ranking as far as AIs go.

>Strange... the power was on. Where was the AI? Jane assumed that all she had to do was turn on a power, but apparently that was not the case. Could it be that she was in the wrong place, or was Amethyst wrong? Most likely they didn't have enough time to place the AI. Nevertheless, Jane was becoming more and more worried as she descended deeper and deeper.
She came across a bolted door. She smirked- a little Spartan elbow grease would get the job done. With a grunt, she grabbed the sides of the door and tore it out of the wall. Sirens blared in her sensitive ears. Proximity alarms, of course. Not waiting for them to be deactivated by the non-existent AI, she continued into the small room. There was a heavily iced cryo chamber, an AI pedestal... and an AI.

>"Well, look who forgot about you," Jane chuckled as she gently lifted the container. It seemed vaguely familiar, but all new AIs came in this model. With a shrug, she placed it on the pedestal.
"Finally!" the AI breathed. She stretched her blue back as far as it could go- an AI representation of relief of entering a system after being in a container for so long. Was it so cramped in there? Jane shook her head to remove her imaginative thoughts. The AI paused to look at her "Thanks Spartan. Though it would've been nice if you arrived earlier."

>Noble six shrugged "All vehicles were melted." She felt somewhat uncomfortable around this AI. She worked with them before, but this one... this one acted like a civilian. Noble Six shifted her feet uncomfortably as the AI smiled in amusement.
"Not on for jokes, are you?" the AI mused.

>"Who are you?" Jane replied just as sharply as those words felt to her. They reminded her of all of those times she and Jun had hung out and joked around.
"Who are YOU?"

>"B-320. Noble six."
"Jane, right?" the AI smiled even wider "My courier."

>Jane blinked. The AI was familiar!
"I am Cortana," the AI motioned towards the cryo chamber, making Jane glance in the same direction "And he is what you came for. Master Chief, I'm pretty sure that you know about him."

>"Yeah... he's like a hero Spartan. But Jorge mostly talks about him like he's a friend..." Jane sighed at the end. Noble team was just something she couldn't keep off of her mind.
"We all have people we miss, Jane" Cortana apparently read Jane's body language quite easily. Cortana quickly smiled "Jorge was in the same group as Master Chief, just thought you should know."

>"Maybe you could start waking him up..."
"What do you think I've been doing?" Cortana snorted as if she expected noble six to know that she could multi-task. "It'll take a while, I suggest that you should rest."

>"Do you have any Cheerios left?"
"Go check."

>Jane sighed and left the AI and Master Chief.<p>

Usually, people did not sleep in cryo. The frozen slumber was equivalent to death. The mind couldn't send out the electrical

impulses needed for such a thing. Master Chief always dreamt in this state. Many times he had forgotten he ever went into cryo for the dreams during the time were so real. He was certain that he was dreaming now.

>This realization came to his mind suddenly as he spent time with the realistic figures of his imagination. Where they came from, he didn't know, but he has been told they formed from his desires and wishes. He never expected to wish what he had seen with so many civilians.
He glanced at the girl of his same age standing next to him. She was rather pretty, with a smile that lit up the whole world and brown eyes reminding him of chocolate. He got a vague sense of Jorge from her. But in this dream, he was the sister of Jorge and the girlfriend of himself. Was it a representation of how he felt for Jorge? He recalled how during training they were near inseparable and were nicknamed 'the brothers from unknown mothers.' But Jorge was not the one on his mind for long. In this dream, he lived an average middle-aged civilian male's life. Could this honestly be what he wanted most? To be a normal human, going day-by-day without knowing much about the violence around?

>Before this question could be answered, the girl's mouth opened. She emitted a quiet sound from her strawberry colored lips, it sounded like a word. He strained his ears and swore he heard 'makeup.' Makeup? What did that have to do with anything? He heard his name several times too. A sudden jolt in his chest. Now he knew. It wasn't 'makeup', it was 'wakeup.' His time in this dream was over. The girl, now smiling, he was holding hands with faded away along with the world around them.<p>

Master Chief sat up quickly. He heard a loud thud and then felt pain blossom on his forehead. He heard a shout and was barely aware that it was himself. His senses regained themselves quickly and he quickly analyzed the situation. He just hit his head. Face red with embarrassment, he glanced around and hoped nobody of significance had been there to witness first hand the clumsiness of a Spartan awakening from cryo. When he found was even worse.

>An AI. A very good one, from the looks of her complicated holographic form. If she recorded him awakening, then she could most likely post it on some popular video site instantly. Luckily for the chief, she merely laughed.
"I warned them about putting a 'watch your head' sign on there, but they never listened," so she was a lighthearted one. He wasn't sure if that was a good or bad thing.

>"Who are you?" he muttered while rubbing his head, very aware of the hunger rumblings in his stomach.
"Cortana," she noticed his head tilted in confusion and gave a sigh "The AI that was assigned to you."

>Master Chief said nothing. Cortana sighed again, making him look up at her once more.
"What happened?" Master Chief asked after a few moments of silence.

>"A new alien virus, similar to flood, only they attack planets, not people, directly," she replied quickly, happily dishing out her seemingly infinite amount of knowledge. "They take root in a planet, dig to its core, overheat it, which in turn increases surface temperature, leaves some eggs behind, and then dies."
"How long until they hatch?" Master Chief replied.

>"30 days."
"We should go-"

>"There is another person here," Cortana interrupted.
Master Chief looked her incredulously.

Noble Six sneezed. She was happily munching on Cheerios, her favorite

food in the world next to Moa Burgers (Jorge was a god at making those) when it happened. She recalled the saying that mentioned something about sneezing and talking about someone, but dismissed it. Her current activity seemed rather lighthearted, but her thoughts were deep and worrisome. What if she was left with this Spartan II for the rest of her life? What if he's crazy? What if the AI is crazy? Would the planet get glassed? Would they ever be rescued? Could they stop it from stretching across the universe?

>Too many questions, not enough answers. Jane sighed, tapping her fingers on the table, deep in thought.
She could feel a headache coming on...

>A small, unexpected thud surprised her, making her almost squeak. Instead, she fell out of her chair and turned around to face threat.
The threat was nothing more than a giant green spartan picking up a dropped box of mints in a small, tin can.

John looked at the black Spartan III on the floor glaring daggers at him. All he wanted was to pick up his secret love, mints, and then return to Cortana with limited interaction with his new human companion. He heard her mutter angrily about how stealthy Spartan IIs were.

>John sighed, making her pause in her near silent rant. "Who are you?"
"SPARTAN B-320," she replied coolly. She tilted her head and awaited a response from John.

>"I meant your name."
"Jane. Who are you?"

>"Master Chief."
"Your name."

>John turned around and opened the small box of mints. He sighed in relief when he realized it still had some inside. He quickly slipped a few underneath his helmet and sucked on them.
Jane's face fell. "Your _name_."

>"You're not in charge of _me_, " Master Chief replied while giving a hand to help her up "So I don't have to say anything."

>Jane smacked away his hand and helped herself up. She craned her neck upwards slightly to look him in the visor. "I was the one who helped get you out of cryo."
"So?"

>"You could've stayed here forever and let all of humanity either freeze or melt to death."
Master Chief remained silent as Jane glared at him. He snorted lightly, the sound muffled by his helmet, before returning to Cortana.

>Jane's eyes followed him out.<p>

"You did _what_?" Cortana pulled her holographic hair comically.

>John frowned as he finished licking the empty mint box clean. "I got off on a bad start. So what? It's not like we'll be here forever."
"Actually..." Cortana admitted sheepishly "I calculate that the chances of you two being saved are one in a thousand."

>John stared at her as if she had told him that humans were descendants of a giant spaghetti monster from planet UrglBrgl. "What?"

4. 4: Adventure Time!

A/N: If you are reading this I have devised a method to relay my stories to you...

Jane stormed up the steps that led to the main command room (or at

least the room that they designated the title to) in the small base. She was going to give Master Chief a piece of her mind. Spartan II or noodle, he was going to get what he deserved. Nobody spoke to her like that _ever_, and she sure as hell wasn't going to let that rule be broken.

"... a one in one thousand chance of being rescued." Jane stopped when she heard Cortana's words. Her body turned to stone, not from the aspect of being here forever but rather from the aspect of being with _him _forever.

"_What_?" she heard him reply. She smirked bitterly. At least the feeling was mutual. "I don't want to be stuck with _her_."

"CHIEF!" Cortana hissed "That is incredibly rude!" Her form flickered and turned red for a moment in rage. Master Chief looked somewhat surprised at her sudden rage but did nothing to quell it.

"The feeling's mutual," Jane replied as she glared daggers through her helmet at Master Chief. She rested her back on the frame of the door, arms crossed, while nodding her head slowly.

The Chief tilted his head, giving him the impression of being a deer caught in the headlights, before returning the favor.

Cortana sighed "There is just no hope for you two, is there?"

Silence was her answer. Jane looked at the Chief and vice versa, making them look as if they appeared from a cartoon for a brief moment.

Now the AI facepalmed. "Since you two are at each other's necks, I suggest that we start leaving. There's nothing here at all... and we can't risk any survivors dying off," Cortana muttered the last few words. They all knew that, if they were to find survivors, they wouldn't be able to support them after a while.

Jorge grunted as he awoke from a nightmare. He chuckled slightly as he hit his head on the ceiling. "Hey guys, I just had the strangest-" Jorge paused in mid sentence as he recalled his surroundings. So it _was _real.

He stood up and rubbed his head as he assessed his surroundings further.

He was alone.

New Alexandria, the beloved capital of Reach and the first city the Spartan IIs went to for a civilian interaction exercise, was in ruins. All Jorge remembered was falling from space and knocking himself out on the arctic ice shelf _way _up North. When he awoke, well, it wasn't the arctic anymore. He trudged a few hundred miles South, eating any perishable foods along the way and gathering the non-perishables.

He found no one.

From the bodies he found lying around occasionally, he found huge burn marks, and some of them were burned down to the bone! He

assessed that his only reason for surviving was the fact that he had landed in an arctic climate, keeping his body cool in the layers of snow that piled up on him.

A walked through the hollowed shell of an office building and picked up a slightly ruined watch. He realised it had been only three days since his last mission with Noble Six... god, how he missed her! And not only her- the entire noble team and doctor Halsey.

What he would give to her their voices, even if it was Emile's ranting or Juns laughter.

Jane moved as fast as she could next to the walking Master Chief.

"We should keep a steady, but slow pace," he said before they left.

If this is slow, Jane didn't want to know what fast was. She felt her face turn red as she realized what Jun would say "_that's what she said_." Jun... damn.

Jane stopped for a moment. Master Chief glanced at her curiously "Somethin' wrong?"

Pride making her refuse to complain, she replied with a simple "No."

Master Chief walked up to her and looked straight into her visor, with astonishing accuracy to her eyes. "Are you _sure_?"

Noble Six sighed and backed away slightly from the towering figure. "... your pace is too fast for me." _Please don't say that's what she said! Please! PLEASE!_

The Chief nodded. "Next time, speak up," he replied and began walking at a slower pace. He almost forgot that he was working with a different type of Spartan now.

Noble Six sighed in relief, making the Chief cringe slightly. What other pain was she hiding from him?

"Cortana," the Chief muttered "Who is she exactly."

"Though you'd never ask!" Cortana chirped "She's Spartan B-320, part of Noble Team whose members are all M.I.A, some of them _seriously_ _M.I.A. and not following Spartan tradition. She was their newest addition a few months ago to replace deceased member Thom... everything else is covered in black ink, except for the fact that she is a hyper lethal vector."

Master Chief felt a load come off of his back. At least she wouldn't slow him down when it came to fighting. He glanced to his side and saw the Spartan III, now looking up in the sky and daydreaming, and he thought to himself: who _was_ _Jane? What is she hiding or rather running from? He felt unknown and primitive stir in his heart from these thoughts, making him afraid yet wanting more.

Master Chief hated fear.

****A/N: YES. Jorge is alive! I...I...I just couldn't handle his death in Halo: Reach (sorry people who haven't played it yet!) Updates will be uber slow, it's just coincidental that I uploaded this a week after my previous update.****

****There will not be an update during February 15th-17th due to an engineering contest that I'll be a part of (Yes, I ****_**WILL** ****_**make this a long story! It will be my masterpiece because I fear that there will be a time in which I will no longer be able to access Fanfiction...)******

****PLEASE REVIEW! I finally updated last week and got nothing ;_; I don't care if you give me a one-sentencer with no grammar at all or a whole report- I JUST WANTZ YO REVIEWZ! I have cookies...****

End
file.